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DRAMATIZED BY JOHN BROUGHAM.



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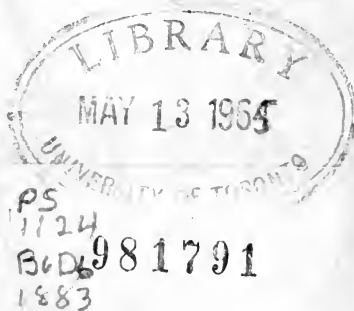
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# DOMBEY AND SON.

IN THREE ACTS.

DRAMATIZED FROM DICKENS' NOVEL, BY JOHN BROUGHAM.



## Dramatis Personæ.

[See page 12.]

Original Cast at Burton's Theatre, 1850.

DOMBEY	Mr. H. Lynne.	GRIPP	Mr. Rooney.
PTAIN CUTTLE	Mr. Burton.	THE NATIVE	Mr. C. Parsloe.
GILLS	Mr. Hamilton.	JACK BUNSEY	Mr. Brougham.
TOOTS	Mr. Raymond.	ROB THE GRINDER	Mr. Rea.
LTER GAY	Mr. Dunn.	MRS. SKEWTON	Mrs. Vernon.
JOR JOE BAGSTOCK	Mr. Brunnham	FLORENCE DOMBEY	Mrs. Burton.
AKER	Mr. G. Jordan.	EDITH GRANGER	Mrs. A. Knight.
TERS	Mr. Baker.	SUSAN NIPPER	Mrs. Brougham.
OGLEY	Mr. Hurley.	FLOWERS	

No. 375. Dicks' Standard Plays.

## C O S T U M E.

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MR. DOMBEY.—Black suit.

CAPTAIN CUTTLE.—Blue pilot coat—buff double-breasted vest—wide blue pantaloons—sailor's hat.

SOL GILLS.—Long gray surtout—drab breeches, and gray stockings—shoes and buckles.

TOOTS.—1st Dress: Fashionable frock coat—light vest, and fancy pantaloons. 2nd Dress: Evening dress, very elegant. 3rd Dress: Walking-dress, eccentric.

GAY.—1st Dress: Walking-dress. 2nd Dress: Sailor's jacket—blue pantaloons.

BAGSTOCK.—Blue military frock—gray pantaloons, with black stripe—buff vest, bright buttons.

CARKER.—Black suit.

WITHERS.—Page's livery.

NATIVE.—Dark livery.

JACK BUNSBY.—Blue jacket—check shirt—very high pantaloons.

ROB THE GRINDER.—Check shirt—red vest—breeches and high-lows.

MRS. SKEWTON.—1st Dress: Elegant walking-dress. 2nd Dress: Evening costume, very elegant. 3rd Dress: Morning dress.

FLORENCE.—White dress, trimmed with black ribbons.

EDITH.—1st Dress: Dark velvet walking-dress. 2nd Dress: Bridal costume. 3rd Dress: Morning dress. 4th Dress: Travelling pelisse.

SUSAN.—Dark half-mourning dress.

FLOWERS.—Dress of a lady's maid.

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## S T A G E   D I R E C T I O N S.

**EXITS AND ENTRANCES.**—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*; L. U. E. *Left Upper Entrance*; R. U. E. *Right Upper Entrance*; L. S. E. *Left Second Entrance*; P. S. *Prompt Side*; O. P. *Opposite Prompt*.

**RELATIVE POSITIONS.**—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R.

R.C.

C.

L.C.

L.

\*.\* The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

2,1165-2

# DOMBEY AND SON.

## ACT I.

**SCENE I.**—*Interior of Sol Gull's Instrument Shop—Sol discovered, melancholy and musing, cleaning a Telescope.*

Sol. Everything's a going wrong. Even the chronometer's five-sixths of a second for'ard of the sun, a thing that's never happened afore, since I've been in the business. Poor Walter! he ought to come and see me. What a stupid old crawfish I am! haven't I chained him to his desk like a galley slave? No wonder I don't sell anything—the people must see old savage uncle, in every wrinkle of my pitiless old phiz!

Wal. (*Without*, D. F.) Hallo! Wooden Middy, ahoy! what cheer, uncle Sol!

Sol. There he is, with a voice as merry as though I had made him a skipper, instead of a galley slave!

*Enter WALTER, D. F. Comes down, L. H.*

Walter. My dear uncle! bless your old soul, how are you? What's the matter? a little down in the mouth, eh? can't get on well without me? I thought not!

Sol. Walter, my boy,—come now, it won't do! you think me a brute, I know it! that's not real joy that's in your eye. Confess it, I've sold you into slavery, haven't I? and I ought to be kicked for it!

Wal. Slavery! not a bit of it! I never was half so happy in my life; I have an excellent opportunity to establish myself in the world, and am no longer a burthen upon you, my kind old benefactor!

Sol. Don't, Wally, don't! you only make me feel more keenly the enormity of my crime! I suppose it's all for the best. Believe me, my darling boy, I couldn't help it,—and I do think, when you come to consider of it, that you'll forgive me!

Wal. I'll never forgive you, if you don't cease this kind of talk. Tell me, how goes on the Wooden Midshipman?

Sol. Badly, Wally, badly! I've fallen behind the time, and I'm too old to try and catch it,—therefore it was, Wally, that I was anxious that you, young, free-hearted, and active, should leave the old milestone here, and be on the world's track. I'm only the ghost of this business.

Wal. Confound it! when I see the people walking past in shoals, I feel half-tempted to rush out and collar a customer, drag him into the shop, and make him buy £50 worth of instruments, ready money! What are you looking in at the door for? that's no use; why don't you come in and buy,

eh? Why, I declare, uncle, here is a customer! two of 'em, as I live,—rather equivocal looking customers, too!

*Enter BROGLEY and GRIPP, D. F.*

Sol. Brogley! now it's all ont, Walter, my boy! go back, quick! get out! I don't want you here—it's nothing—that is to say—

(*Sinks into a chair.*)

Wal. What is the meaning of this? Who are you, sir? uncle, tell me!

Brog. Pshaw! young man, it ain't nothing—only a little payment on a bonded debt that ain't been remembered, and so we're come to take possession.

Wal. What!

Brog. (*R. C.*) Possession! It's an execution—but don't let it put you out of the way. I came myself, so that it can all be quiet and sociable; I must take all the things, but don't let it put you out of the way,—they'll be very safe with me.

Wal. (*L.*) But can nothing be done?—a little delay?

Brog. Bless your soul, there has been a monstrous deal of delay already; the thing has been over due more than an hour. The old man will have to move, but don't let it put you out of the way.

Sol. (*C.*) Walter, my boy—such a calamity never happened to me afore—I'm an old man to begin!—

(*Weeps.*)

Wal. Don't, uncle, don't! Mr. Brogley, you cannot have the heart to turn the old man out?

Brog. Must, really, but I wouldn't let it put me out of the way.

Wal. But can nothing be done?

Brog. Well, if you could find a friend that you wouldn't mind putting a trifle out of the way.

Wal. A friend? 'tis just the wrong time to find one. There's no such thing!

*Enter CAPTAIN CUTTLE, D. F.*

Cut. "A friend in need's a friend indeed," and "time and tide doth wait for no man," overhaul your Walker's Dictionary, and when found, make a note. What cheer, old messmet? taken by Algerines, or how? What's in the wind, anyhow?

Wal. Captain, you are a friend indeed. My uncle's goods have been taken in execution.

Cut. I thought so! "when taken to be well shaken," overhaul your poticary's stuff. Which is the piratical craft? to offer to venture to lay fist on him,—so check full of science too, as an egg's full of meat. So you've been and gone and coveted your neighbour's goods! overhaul your

has him there,—there, ma'am, under his thumb! Old Joe B. knows a thing or two! He's a shy trout, is Dombey, but the old soldier knows how to play him, and when we have him in the fish-basket, —we'll be at the feast, eh? Cleopatra, the peerless, and her Antouy Bagstock will often speak of this, when we are sharing the elegance and wealth of Edith Dombey! Old Joe is sly,—devilish sly!

Mrs. S. Incurrible monster! I don't believe a word you say!

Joe. Withers, approach! Rascal, appear!

Mrs. S. Farewell, brute!

Enter WITHERS and NATIVE. Withers pushes Mrs. Skewton off in chair, L. 1 E.

Joe. Old Joe's heart goes with you—it does, by Jupiter! (*Licks the Native.*) Tol, lol, lol!

(Sings.)

Native. Oh! What dat for, Massa?

Joe. Because I'm full of good humour, you dog! I'm so happy, damn it, I could lick you within an inch of your life! Grin, you son of a Burmese Josh! Show your teeth, you turkey buzzard! A good morning's work for old Joe B. Joseph is looking up; He's wide awake, he is! Tough as an ostrich is J. B. Tough, sir, and devilish sly!

[Joe B. beats Native off, R. 1 E. Exit.]

SCENE III.—A Drawing-room at Mr. Dombey's, richly furnished—two chairs, table, sofa, writing materials. DOMBEY and CARKER discovered.

Enter FLORENCE, L. H.

Flor. Oh, papa, papa!—Mr. Carker!

Car. (*Aside.*) The same repulsive start! What can cause this intense dislike?

Dom. What does Miss Dombey require of me?

Flor. Nothing, papa, but to tell you that Walter is here.

Car. (*Aside.*) Walter! can it be,—a poor dependent drudge in the office! Impossible!

(Goes up.)

Dom. Why should that interest you so much, Miss Dombey?

Flor. Recollect, papa, I owe him everything,—my life,—when he saved me from being killed! let me feel some gratitude to my early preserver!

Dom. He did but what any other would have done, in the same situation. I cannot see him,—I will not see him!

(*Florence going, L.*)

Car. (*Comes down, L. c.*) Stay, Miss Dombey, let me speak to your excellent papa,—perhaps a word of mine might influence him.

Flor. Oh, will you, Mr. Carker? How I shall love you, if you do!

Car. Love me!

Flor. That is to say, like you—it will be so kind, so friendly.

Car. For one smile of yours, I would dare destruction itself!

Flor. Will papa see Walter?

Car. Send him here, I'll answer for it.

Flor. Oh, thank you, a thousand times, dear Mr. Carker!

[Exit Florence, L. H.]

Car. "Dear!" How that phrase thrills through me! Mr. Dombey, I have dared to recall your expression, feeling that it would be due to the exaltation of your character, to hear,—mind, only

to hear—what this young man has to say, so I have ventured to tell him to enter.

Dom. If you wish it, Carker, certainly—it's of no consequence.

Enter FLORENCE, WALTER, and CAPTAIN CUTTLE, L. H.

Car. Ah, my young friend Walter, I'm delighted to have been of service. At my suggestion, Mr. Dombey has postponed my demands and those of business, to listen to your petition.

Wal. I can never be sufficiently grateful. My good friend, Captain Cuttle. (*Introducing.*)

Car. Proud, sir, to shake you by the hand; but business must be attended to. Good day.

[Exit R. H.]

Cut. Good day, sir, good day, and God bless you! "meritorious action is its own reward," overhaul your Solomon's proverbs, and when found make a particular note. That ere's Dombey, is it! He's as stiff as the figure-head of a seventy-four. Ain't chock full of politeness either; howsoever, I'll take a cheer; Wal'r, my lad, stand by.

Dom. What have you to say to me, Gay?

Wal. I am afraid, sir, that I take a very great liberty in coming, and had not Miss Florence kindly—

Dom. Miss Dombey has nothing to do with the purpose, sir,—go on.

Cut. He, a man! damme, he's a Polar Bear! Stand by, Wal'r.

Wal. It's entirely a private and personal matter, sir, and my friend here, Captain Cuttle—

Cut. That's me, that is, Captain Cuttle—Ned Cuttle, man and boy for ever so many years at your service. There ain't no use in blowing one's own trumpet, only one has to do it, for the satisfaction of himself, being as how no one knows the aforesaid: but if so be as Bunsby was here, he could tell you all about one Ned Cuttle. Jack Bunsby! there's not a man as walks, certainly not on two legs, that can come near him; been knocked overboard, that man, twice, and none the worse for it; was beat for three weeks—off and on—about the head with a ring-bolt, and yet a clearer-minded man don't walk. Now if I could only pass the word for Jack—

Dom. What has all this rigmarole to do with your business, Gay?

Wal. Pray excuse him, sir, he is a very old friend of my poor uncle's, and therefore, I have come with him, to say, that my uncle is in very great affliction and distress.

Cut. Hull down and the sea running over him at every lurch.

Wal. And, sir, if you could, in your kindness, do anything to help him out of his difficulty, we never could thank you enough for it.

(*Gives paper to Dombey.*)

Cut. And furthermore and aforesaid, your humble petitioners will ever pray, night and day, etcetera, as in duty bound accordingly.

Dom. More than three hundred pounds—it's a large sum; what security can you offer?

Wal. My uncle's stock in trade will be one.—

Cut. And here's another in the person of Ed'ard Cuttle, mariner of England, together with many valueables belonging to the aforesaid Ed'ard, to wit and widelicet, one sugar tongs, a half a dozen spoons, and a watch as is a watch, and ain't ashamed to show his face: put that ere watch just ten minutes for'ard in the morning, and if he



ain't even with the sun at high noon, I'll eat it. There, half a loaf's better nor no bread, and the same remark holds good regarding crumbs! take them, to have and to hold, till death do us part; and if there's a man chock full of science, it's old Gills! If there's a lad of promise, one flowing with milk and honey, it's his nevy Wal'r, and if so be Bunsby was here—

Dom. Don't talk.

Cut. Jack Bunsby, the clear-headeddest, long-sightedest—

Dom. Be quiet, sir.

Cut. What a man that Bunsby is! why he'll tell—

Dom. Gay, listen to me, I'll pay these demands upon your uncle, upon one condition; don't interrupt me. You did a slight service for the house of Dombey, by rescuing my daughter. Take this check, and let it obliterate all recollection of that circumstance. Remember, Gay, I pay you for the service you rendered; do you understand me?

Wal. Fully, sir; but as I have already forgotten the circumstance, I regret that you should have thought proper to do me this favour in such a way that I cannot but blush to receive it.

Dom. Receive it as you may; all sense of obligation on my side is at an end.

Wal. But not on mine, sir—I must feel grateful.

Dom. 'Tis proper that you should. (To Cuttle.) Have the goodness to take these things away, sir.

Cut. Well, if that ain't a walking iceberg, Ned Cuttle's a grampus. Well, Wal'r, he done us a handsome turn, and handsome is as does the right thing. Overhaul your proverbs, and when found make a note on.

Re-enter CARKER and FLORENCE, c. d.

Car. (Shows memorandum to Dombey.)

Dom. Excellent! here, Gay, one moment. Well thought of, Carker, you tell him.

Car. Mr. Gay, although the head of the firm has sufficient reason to feel somewhat annoyed at your conduct, yet inasmuch as you have hitherto served the house faithfully and well, I am glad to have it in my power to inform you, that he designs to establish you in a place of important trust.

Cut. Does he? I'll take back all. Ned Cuttle's a hass.

Car. There's a vacancy in the Island of Barbadoes?

Wal. Barbadoes?

Cut. Where?

Car. In the Island of Barbadoes; and as the situation requires youth, talent, and activity, Mr. Dombey has evinced his great interest in your welfare by appointing you.

Cut. I don't take back a word. I double it all—Barbadoes!—our Wal'r—it's regular piracy!

Wal. Do I hear rightly, sir? Can this be true?

Dom. Of course; somebody must go! you are young, every way fitted.

Wal. Shall I remain there, sir!

Dom. What does he mean, Carker?

Wal. Must I live there?

Dom. Certainly; you will prepare yourself as soon as possible.

[Exeunt Dombey and Carker, c.

Flor. Dear Walter, do not carry away a bad opinion of all within the house. Papa may forget your kindness, but believe me, I never can.

Wal. Your good opinion, Miss Dombey, I trust I shall ever deserve.

Flor. I should be sorry to see your feelings hurt, Walter, indeed I should. Won't you shake hands with me!

Wal. With my whole heart.

Flor. And you too, Captain Cuttle; how happy should Walter be in having so good a friend!

Cut. Bless you, my lady lass, I ain't nothing but a poor shattered old hull of humanity. What does it signify whether I founder in a storm or go to pieces on the rocks? I ain't no use, and I won't be missed; but Wal'r here, freighted full of youth and hope, and all that sort of thing, it stands to reason it would be a pity to see him wrecked on a lee shore, which he shall never be if Ned Cuttle can fling him a rope.

Flor. Well, good-bye, Walter; I know that you are anxious to see your good uncle. Let others say what they please, I shall ever feel gratitude towards you, the preserver of my life.

[Exit, c.

Wal. My poor uncle, how will he bear it?

Cut. Badly, boy, badly, take my word. But come, let us be off, or this old nor'wester will be down on us again. Cheerly, Wal'r, my boy, cheerly.

"A light heart and a flowing sheet,

Here we part again to meet."

Overhaul your sea-story book, and when found turn in comfortable.

Enter TOOTS—runs against Cuttle.

Cut. I say, young man, when you do that again don't you do it at all. Overhaul your whole duty now and then, and when found stick to your text.

[Exeunt Cuttle and Walter.

Toots. Oh, I beg ten thousand—I hope I didn't hurt you—thank you—it's of no consequence. Well, I'm in the house, at all events, and there's nobody here: what a comfort! Oh, there's somebody coming. Dear me! no, there's not. Oh, Miss Florence, if I could only tell you what I feel, but I can't. A dozen times I've tried, but somehow the words all go away just when I want them most! but I've filled myself with courage this morning. I've taken a glass of remarkably strong lemonade, and I'm determined to speak out. Let me see, what shall I say to her? Adorable Miss Dombey—no, that's foolish! Dear Miss Florence—pity a youth—yes, pity a youth—

Enter SUSAN NIPPER, R. 1 E.

Susan. Did you send forme, Mr. Toots?

Toots. Oh, law! pity a youth—I—oh—adorable—I mean—why, bless my soul, it's only Susan. How are you, Susan? how well you look! I'm so glad it isn't Miss Dombey! it's of no consequence.

Susan. Mr. Toots!

Toots. Eh? I mean yes—did you speak?

Susan. Might a body know what you sent for?

Toots. Did I send? Bless your soul, no—that is to say, I believe I did! Oh, just to—but it's of no consequence!

Susan. Did anybody ever see such an aspen leaf of a creature! Why, you'll shake yourself into little bits!

Toots. I know—yes—you're very good! Good morning!

Enter FLORENCE, c.

Toots. Good morning. Are you quite well?

(In backing out runs against Florence.)

Flor. (Down, L. H.) I, Mr. Toots?

Toots. Bless my soul! no—I mean—dear me—yes—but it's of no consequence!

Flor. No consequence! my health!

Toots. What a brute I am! Oh, every consequence! Oh, Miss Florence, now you are here—I—but it's really of no consequence! (Aside.) I can't—even the lemonade won't do it!

(Crosses to L.)

Susan. That's love, miss!

Flor. Do you think so?

Susan. Certain sure of it! see how he fidgets about! He was miserable before he came, and now—

Toots. (Aside.) What's the use in one's being a man of independent property, without some sort of a heart? I'll tell her now at once! I'm desperate! I can't live much longer,—so out it will have to come! (Aloud.) Oh, Miss Florence—I—ah!—Well, good bye!—I'm glad to see you looking so well—but it's no consequence!

[Exit hurriedly, L. H.]

Susan. Well, did you ever? you may depend, miss, he's got a deal to say, if he could only let it out! But, do you know, Miss Florence, what I've heard?

Flor. No, Susan, what is it?

Susan. Poor Mr. Walter, that was so good to you—

Flor. What of him, Susan?

Susan. He's going to the other side of the world, to seek his fortune on the billowy ocean!

Flor. I know it, Susan—my kind friend, Walter! I'm sorry, Susan!—very sorry! I did not know how much I liked him before!

Susan. I knows what I knows, and I thinks what I thinks!

Re-enter CARKER, at back.

And you may put me into a strait-waistcoat for six weeks, but I'll bet that Mr. Carker had something to do with this?

Car. (Coming down, R. H.) Indeed! get out of the room!

Susan. I shan't do no such thing; You ain't my missus, nor yet my master, thanks be, seeing as I'm not a black slave or a mulatto!

Car. Miss Dombey, will you desire your servant to leave the room!

Flor. Susan, dear, do go, for my sake.

Susan. Bless your dear heart, I'd walk on hot gridirons to serve you; but if you'll take a fool's advice, miss, you'll keep yourself to yourself. Some people ain't altogether so innocent as some people thinks them to be! There's some wolves that comes in their own bold shapes, and others that sneak into sheepskins; but I wouldn't accuse any person for the world, not me,—by no manner of means,—not at all!

[Exit, L. H.]

Car. My dear Miss Dombey, you will permit the interest I feel for you to clothe itself in such familiar terms,—may I be permitted to have a slight confidential conversation with you!

Flor. No, Mr. Carker, there can be no confidence between you and me. If you wish to speak of business, you are in the wrong part of the establishment; if of pleasure, I am in the wrong mood! To-morrow, I shall be glad—you can see me, if you wish.

[Exit, L. H.]

Car. The father,—the hard, prond, icy father, in

every touch! Yes—yes—her heart must be mine, or crushed to atoms—to atoms!

[Exit, C. D.]

#### SCENE IV.—Interior of Sol Gill's.

Enter SOL GILLS, R.

Capt. Cut. (Sings without, L.)

"For the port of Barbadoes, cheerly oh!"

Sol. Here they are, and with good news.

Enter CAPTAIN CUTTLE and WALTER, L. H.

Cut. Make him believe it's a prize in the lottery, or he'll be sorrowful right out; here we be, old messmet, with lots of rhino. The Wooden Midshipman's on his legs again, and more nor that, Wal'r is on the high road to promotion; "turn again Whittington," overhaul your story book; cut out for a man of fortin, he is.

Wal. Yes, uncle, the captain is right,—Mr. Dombey has very kindly stepped forward and enabled us to smooth away all your difficulties.

Sol. He's kind, very kind, and we shall be happy together once more. You will still live with me, dear Walter.

Cut. Nonsense, it ain't in reason; he's come to a time of life now that he must make a jump.

Sol. What do you mean, Cuttle?

Cut. Why, I mean that if ever Walter is to make his fortin, now's the time.

Sol. How? how?

Cut. The long and short of it is, there's no use in beating about the bush: he's got an appointment.

Wal. Yes, uncle, an excellent one.

Cut. In a very salubrious climate.

Sol. Away?

Cut. Only as far as the West Indies.

Sol. Walter,—it cannot be,—my boy, Walter! it cannot be: is this true?

Wal. Dear uncle, it is.

Sol. This is the severest blow of all,—stock and shop and all might go, and I would not feel a pang, but you, Walter—you go to sea! to sea, that I have striven to turn you from and warn you against since boyhood!

Cut. Ah, very true! "Train up a child in the way that he should go, and when he gets old, he does quite the reverse." Overhaul your copy book again. But it's no fault of his—it's his fate's doing, and who's going to give the word of command to fate, I should like to know?

Wal. Recollect, dear uncle, how much it will be to our advantage. I shall be able to send you such presents from Barbadoes.

Sol. How he speaks, how he speaks! he's going to leave his poor old uncle, and he's glad of it.

Wal. If you say that again, uncle, I won't go.

Cut. Awast!

Wal. No, captain, I won't.

Cut. Awast, I say!

Wal. I'm a fixture.

Cut. I'm gettin' aggravated, verry much aggravated. You may always tell when I'm aggravated by my bitin' of my finger nails. Sol Gills, take a hobversation of your nevy as he stands there; he ain't a hinfant in arms. Werry well, you don't want to be feedin' him with spoon wittles, like a precious babby, all his life, do you? Werry well, here's a certain craft a going upon a certain

v'rage, and if he's to go, how is he to go, as the lively craft "The Gay," or the Dutch-built lugger "The Gills."

Sol. Ned, I'm wrong! when I say he's glad to go, I mean I hope he is. I'm behind the time. (Crosses L.) I ought to be ashamed of myself for being so selfish as to wish to detain him near me all his life. Walter, my dear boy, if it's proper and right that you should go, why go, and take the old man's blessing.

Cut. And that'll never sink no ship. That's all ship-shape; what are you a thinking about now, Wal'r? I'll bet you a gill of old Jamaica I know.

Wal. Nothing, captain, nothing particular.

Cut. I seed it, bless you, long ago. I knowed it long ago. What do you think of a capital F?

Wal. Captain!

Cut. Anything about an L. or an O., not forgetting an R. and E. and a N.

Wal. Pray be silent, I dare not let my thoughts run in that direction.

Cut. But they will run there in spite of your teeth; and why shouldn't they? you were cut out for each other; cheer up, my lad, let us be happy. Be alive, old Gills, there's lots of good fortune in store for Wal'r. I knows it—I sees it; let's all be jolly boys and sing—

"For the port of Barbadoes, cheerly O!"

Keep up your spirits, Wal'r, my lad, recollect "Faint heart never won a handsome woman, nor nothing else worth talking about yet." Overhaul your history of Adam and Eve, and when found make a note and act accordingly.

[Exeunt Cuttle, Walter, and Gills, L. H.]

SCENE V.—A Room at Mrs. Skewton's. MRS. SKEWTON, EDITH, discovered. Mrs. S. (R.), Edith (L.) Table, chairs, sofas, &c.

Edith. Mother, mother! Speak to me no more upon this subject—as we are genteel and poor, I am content we should be made rich by these means, but I have kept the only purpose I have had the strength to form, and have not tempted this man on.

Mrs. S. This man! You speak as if you hated him.

Edith. (Scornfully.) And you thought I loved him, did you not?

Mrs. S. Then why don't you tell me, my dear Edith, that he will be here to-day by appointment?

Edith. (Rises and comes down.) Because you know it, mother! You know he has bought me, or that he will to-morrow. He has considered of his bargain—he thinks that it will suit him, and may be had sufficiently cheap—and he will buy to-morrow. Heavens! that I have lived for this, and that I feel it!

Mrs. S. What do you mean, my darling Edith? Haven't you from a child—

Edith. A child! When was I child? What childhood did you ever leave me? I was a woman, artful, designing, mercenary, laying snares for men, before I knew myself or you, or even understood the base and wretched aim of every new display I learnt. You gave birth to a woman! Look upon her, she's in her pride to-night! Look at me who have never known what it is to have an honest heart and love! Look at me—taught to scheme

and plot, when children play—and tell me, what has been my life for ten long sinful years?

Mrs. S. Now, my dear Edith, don't talk in this frightful manner. We have been making every effort to secure you a good establishment, and now you have got it.

Edith. There is no slave in the mart, no horse in the fair, so shewn, and offered, and examined, and paraded, as I have been for ten long, shameful years! I have been made the bye-word of all kinds of men—fools, profligates, boys, dotards have dangled after me, and one by one rejected me, and fell off, because you were too plain, with all your cunning, until we have almost become notorious! The license of look and touch have I submitted to, in half the places of resort upon the map of England! I have been hawked and vendied here and there, until the last grain of self-respect is dead within me, and I loathe myself!

Mrs. S. But you might have been married two times, my dear Edith, if you had only given the perfidious creatures encouragement enough.

Edith. No, whoever takes me, refuse as I am, and deserve to be, must take me as this man does, with no art of mine to lure him on! He makes the purchase of his own will, with his own idea of its worth, and the power of his money, and I hope it may never disappoint him.

Mrs. S. Edith, darling, why do you speak so strangely to your poor mother.

Edith. It seems stranger to me than to you, but my education was completed long ago. I am too old now, and have fallen too low, by degrees, to take a new course. The germ of all that purifies a woman's breast, and makes it true and good, has never stirred in mine, and I have nothing to sustain me, when I despise myself! May Heaven forgive you, as I do!

Enter DOMBEY, TOOTS, CARKER, BAGSTOCK, and FLORENCE, c.

Mrs. S. (To Dombey.) Truant, we've been waiting for you. Edith has been in despair.

Edith. Mother!

Dom. Madam, you do me too much honour.

Joe. Just as I used to say to His Royal Highness, the Duke of York! I'm old, Joe. Joe is rough and tough, but devilish sly! Dombey, I congratulate you, upon my life I do!

Dom. Infinitely obliged,—may I be permitted—

[Takes Edith's arm, and exits proudly, c.]

Toots. (Advancing towards Florence.) May I—(Carker interposes.) Oh, it's no consequence!

Car. Will Miss Dombey allow—

Toots. I believe I—

Joe. Oh, no, no! Miss Dombey is engaged to old Joe, ain't you, pet?

[Exit with Florence, c.]

Toots. Well, it's no consequence!

Mrs. S. Mr. Toots, what's the matter with you? Where's your gallantry?

Toots. (Who has been gazing after Florence.) Oh!—ah!—it's—I don't really—

Mrs. S. Where's your arm?

Toots. I really beg pardon—here—

[They exeunt. Toots falling over chair, &c.]

ACT DROP QUICK.

allowed to address what I have to say to Miss Dombey, alone? *(They rise and are going.)*

*Edith.* Stay, mother! Florence,—if I am to be humiliated, I can endure it in presence of such witnesses

*Car.* As you please, madam. It is my misfortune to be here, wholly against my will, and it is with the greatest respect and humility I venture to suggest, that the love and duty you bear your husband—

*Edith.* This mockery is not to be endured, sir! Why do you present yourself to me, and speak to me of love and duty to my husband, when you know—

*Enter DOMBEY, c.*

that in place of affection between us, there is aversion and contempt?

*Dom.* *(Coming forward.)* So, madam,—you have given utterance to the feelings of your heart, at last,—but if you have no respect for yourself, Mrs. Dombey—

*Edith.* *(L.)* I have none!

*Dom.* *(C.)* Madam, listen to me! If you have no respect for yourself—

*Mrs. S.* *(R.)* My dear Dombey—my very dear Edith, why will you agitate my nerves with these little difficulties,—those little flashes of the torch of—what you call it?—not Cupid, but the other delightful creature—what's his name—it's really very disagreeable to me! What a miserable thing it is to be eternally looking for heart, yet not to find it! I'm sure I almost wish that I was out of this melancholy thingamy, and calmly reposing in the cold and silent—what you call it?

*[Exit, R. 1. E.]*

*Dom.* Mrs. Dombey, it's very necessary that we should come to some understanding; I requested Mr. Carker to inform you that your conduct does not please me—I now insist upon its being corrected!

*Edith.* You choose a fitting occasion for your remonstrance, sir, and a fitting word—"insist" to me!

*Dom.* You will further please, madam, to understand that I must have a show of deference before the world! I am used to this—I require it as my right,—in short, *I must have it!*

*Edith.* Sir, your daughter is present!

*Dom.* My daughter will remain present.

*Edith.* I will speak to you alone.

*Dom.* I don't choose that you should!

*Edith.* If you are not mad, heed my words!

*Dom.* I have authority, madam, as your husband, to speak to you where, when, and before whom I please!

*Edith.* Go on, sir!—I would not stop you now, nor save you the utterance of one word, if the room were burning!

*Dom.* There is a rebellious principle within you, which you cannot curb too soon, which you must curb, Mrs. Dombey.

*Edith.* So, sir,—it is not enough that you can look here—*(Points to Carker.)* and be reminded of the affronts that you have put on me,—or here, *(Points to Florence.)* and think of what you have done!—and do you think, with the loathing which I must have for you within my breast, that you can bend or break me into submission and obedience?—Never!

*Dom.* Carker! *(Carker advances, c.)* Mrs. Dombey is so forgetful of herself, and of me, that I must

bring this state of matters to a close! Carker, I must beg you to inform Mrs. Dombey, that I will not allow myself to be contradicted by anybody!—anybody!

*Car.* One moment. Painful as the position is in which I am placed by differing in opinion from you, yet,—had you not better reconsider—

*Dom.* Mr. Carker, you mistake your position, in offering any advice to me upon this point!

*Car.* Perhaps you mistook my position, when you honoured me with the negotiations in which I have been engaged here.

*Dom.* Not at all, sir,—not at all! you were employed—

*Car.* Being an inferior person, for the humiliation of Mrs. Dombey—I forgot! Oh, yes,—it was expressly understood.

*Edith.* Oh! the heart depth of this degradation! Say this was not your motive,—contradict your agent, if you can do so, without lying! *(Dombey goes up stage.)* Not a word!—it is past!—our last conference is at an end! Nothing can make us stranger to each other than we are, henceforth and for ever!

*[Exit, R. H.]*

*Dom.* Stay, madam! I insist!

*Car.* This opposition is unaccountable! Shall I, may I follow, and attempt to reason with her?

*Dom.* As you please, Carker,—but, remember, I must have obedience!

*Car.* Unquestionably! *(Aside.)* The moment has arrived, at last! Fate grant it be propitious!

*[Exit.]*

*Flor.* Dear father! Oh, let me intercede for her! *Dom.* Away! and quit my sight! anywhere out of this! *(Strikes her.)*

*Enter SUSAN, c.*

*Susan.* I saw it, I did! with my own two eyes I saw it! His own flesh and blood, too! I can't bear it!—why should I? Oh, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! I don't care if you were twenty times my master, and you had twenty times as many fierce-looking eyes a staring at me, I'll say my say! you ought to be ashamed of yourself! Don't cry, Miss Floy,—if people is brute animals, other people can't help it!—come, Miss Floy, come again!

*[Leads Florence off, c.]*

*Dom.* *(On sofa, r.)* Yes, her pride must be humbled, my position requires it! It's no condescension to stoop to me, her husband!

*Re-enter SUSAN, c.*

*Susan.* *(Aside.)* I'll do it! I've often said I would, and now I will!

*Dom.* *(Rising.)* What do you want?

*Susan.* I've been in your service, sir, now, twelve years, a waiting on Miss Floy! I mayn't be Methusalem, but I'm not a child in arms!

*Dom.* Well, what have I to do with that?

*Susan.* There never was a dearer or a blessedder young lady, than my young lady is, sir! The more I was torn to pieces, the more I'd say so, though I may not be a Fox's Martyr! now!

*Dom.* What do you mean, woman? how do you dare—

*Susan.* What I mean, sir, is to speak respectful, and without offence; and what I say is, that my young lady doesn't deserve the treatment you gave her just now! It was a burning shame! it was in

my heart, eating a great place there, and now it's out, and I feel better!

Dom. Leave my service! leave the house, instantly! Such insolence. Where are my people?

Susan. I don't care about staying—I wouldn't stay! Miss Florence is going, and I'll go with her! My comfort is, that I've told a piece of truth this day, that no warnings to go can unsay! no, not if they were to begin at seven o'clock in the morning, and never left off until twelve at night! There, now!

[Exit, C. D.]

Enter SERVANT, with note, L. 2 E.

Ser. Beg pardon, sir, but Mrs. Dombey requested me to deliver you this note immediately.

[Exit, R. 1 E.]

Dom. Ha! she has come to her senses! Excellent Carker, this is your management! (Reads.) What's here? "I have left your roof for ever, and renounced your name; the partner of my flight is the instrument you chose for my humiliation—your counsellor—your agent—your friend—Mr. Carker!" It cannot be! yes! here are the damning words! "Mr. Carker!"—curses on him! the viper! the black, base-hearted viper! Oh! the shame! the deep—unutterable shame! (Sinks on sofa.)

RING—END ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Sol Gill's Parlour.

Enter CUTTLE, singing in a melancholy voice.

"A strong nor'wester's blowing, Billy  
Don't you hear it roar now?"

It ain't no use, singin' won't bring him back, he's buried in the wasty deep, and the billowy hecan rolls over his remainders; I've been a tryin' to comfort my feelings by composin' a sort of a hepitafit, and that ere, is this here:

"Afflictions sore long time he bore—  
Physicians was in wain."

Physicians was in wain, in course they was, when a man's a lyin' at the bottom of the briny wave with seventy fathom of salt water a top of him, what's the good of a physieian, I'd like to know?—eh! who's this? what do I see? why it's the lady lass—it's heart's delight!

Enter FLORENCE, and falls into Cuttle's arms.

Cut. Cheerily! cheerily! stand by, my pretty one! steady's the word, and steady it is. Keep her so,—look up, my lady lass! look up!

Flor. Captain Cuttle, is it you? oh, save me! keep me here—let no one know where I am! do not send me away!

Cut. Send you away; yes, verily, and by God's help so I won't! overhaul your catechism and make a note. My lady lass, you're here as safe as if you were a top of St. Paul's with the ladder cast off. Steady, steady, my lady lass, you're too weak to stand; come, lean on me—there's a sofa in the next room, sleep it is that you want—that balsam for the still small word of a wounded mind. Come, heart's delight, just lie down for a spell, and make

old Ned Cuttle's heart wibrate with joy. Steady and huff &c.

[Passes her off through side door.]

Enter TOOTS, L. 1 E.

Toots. Good morning, Captain Cuttle,—Captain, you don't happen to see anything particular in me, do you?

Cut. No, my lad.

Toots. What, can't you see that I'm wasting away? Burgess & Co. have altered my measure again, but that's not what I came about,—I—a person—Brogley—you know—gave me a letter for Miss Dombey—no—I beg your pardon, I get mixing up all sorts of things; I, in fact, think there's something weak in my head—a letter for you,—and he told me to say that something might be in it, that might surprise you, and it would be well if you'd prepare yourself a bit.

Cut. For me? where is it? oh, if it should be—but no, I dare not think that.

(Reads, and falls into chair.)

Toots. Captain Gills, I hope and trust that there's nothing wrong?

Cut. Thankee, my lad,—not a bit; quite the contrary.

Toots. You have the appearance of being over-come, Captain.

Cut. Why, my lad, I am took aback.

Toots. Is there anything I can do? the small remnant of my miserable life is at anybody's service that ever saw her, I mean—but it's of no consequence.

Cut. Little sailor boy—tol, lol, lol!

(Sings and capers about.)

Toots. Captain, that's a very unsentimental demonstration.

Cut. So it is, lad, but the moon's at the full to-day; but hush! we musn't disturb lady lass!—pshaw! I mean—come, and let us get into the air; don't you see I'm drunk?

Toots. Captain Cuttle, how shocking!

Cut. Drunk with delight, you young dog, and if I can ever do you a good turn for making me so, recollect that in the proverbs of Solomon you'll find these words, "May we never want a friend, nor a bottle to give him." Overhaul your Testament, and when found make a note.

"Ed'ard Cuttle is my name,  
And Captain is my station;  
This here is my dwelling-place,  
And blessed be creation."

Overhaul your Church Catechism, and when found make a note on.

[Exit Cuttle and Toots, L. 1 E.]

SCENE II.—An Apartment.

Enter EDITH, followed by CARKER, R.

Car. We are now free from all danger of pursuit. My dear love, I never saw you look so handsome;

Edith. Stand still! Come not nearer, upon your life!

Car. Tush! We are alone, out of everybody's sight and hearing! Do you think to frighten me with these tricks of virtue?

Edith. I tell you once again, don't come near me, or, as Heaven sees us, there will be bloodshed!

Car. Do you mistake me for your husband?

Edith. I have something lying here which is not

a love triuket, and sooner than endure your touch once more, I would use it on you with less reluctance than I would on any other creeping thing that lives!

*Car.* Come, Edith! to your husband, poor wretch, this was all well enough, but to me—

*Edith.* Miserable, blind fool! We meet to-night, and part to-night: for not one moment after I have ceased to speak, shall I stay here! You have unfolded your coil too soon! You might have cajoled, and fawned, and played your traitor's part a little longer, and grown richer! You purchase your sensual retirement too dear!

*Car.* Edith, have done with this? What devil possesses you?

*Edith.* Their name is legion! You and your master have raised them in a fruitful house, and they shall tear you both! In every way, I triumph. I single out in you, the meanest man, the parasite and tool of the proud tyrant, that his wound may rankle more!

*Car.* We don't part so! Do you think I am an idiot to let you go now?

*Edith.* Take my warning, and look to yourself! You have been betrayed, as all betrayers are! *(Bell heard, R.)* See, who is on your track!

*(Looks through window.)*  
*Voice. (Without.)* This is the house—we have tracked them here.

*Car.* Ha! Ruin!

*(Bell, R. H.—a faintness seizes him.)*

*Voice. (Without.)* Mr. Dombey's baggage!

*Edith.* My husband! Ha! ha! ha! Now, take as a remembrance, the deep and lasting scorn of the woman whose mind you thought you had slowly poisoned, until she had sunk into the mere creature of your pleasure! Go forth into the false world again, falsier than the falsest! False to your master, to his child, to me! False every way and everywhere! Go forth, and boast of me, and gnash your teeth to know that you are lying! Remember, this door once closed, my footsteps are as trackless as the vessel's path upon the ocean! And now, blind, baffled traitor, farewell for ever.

*[Exit Edith, L. 1 E.]*

*Car.* Fool! aye, fool indeed, to let her go so easily. *(Noise without, R. H.)* Ha! the husband. *(Tries door.)* Locked! What was that? a rush and sweep of something like death upon the wing—'twas nothing, and yet what a startling horror it has left. *(Noise increases.)* They come! I will not be hunted like a pilfering fox! Ha! the window, the leap is high and the stones are pitiless, but better that than meet his eye. The door is forced open, then there is no alternative.

*[Jumps through window, L. 2 E.]*

### SCENE III.—Sol Gill's Room.

*Scene discovers CAPTAIN CUTTLE toasting bread on his own hook—Table laid for breakfast—Captain very busy with his cooking.*

*Enter FLORENCE, R. H.*

*Cut.* What cheer, bright diamond!

*Flor.* I have surely slept very long. When did I come here—yesterday?

*Cut.* This here blessed day, my lady lass: but it's getting on for evening now, my pretty. There's the toast now for our dinner. Stand by, deary—liver wing it is!—sarse it is—sassage it is, and potato!—try and pick a bit. Oh, if Wal'r was only here—but he ain't, you know, is he?

*Flor.* Oh, if I had him for my brother now.

*Cut.* He was your nat'l born friend, warn't he, pet?

*Flor.* He was indeed! poor Walter!

*Cut.* And as for you, my lady lass, the werry planks you walked on were as high esteemed by him as the water brooks is by the heart that never rejoices. But he's drowned, ain't he? Yes, yes, he's drowned; but if he was here, he'd beg and pray of you to pick a bit just for the sake of your own precious health.

*Flor.* Thank you for your kindness, Captain. It's very good of you, but I can't.

*Cut.* You're a thinking, mayhap, of poor Wal'r as was drowned.

*Flor.* He's never out of my thoughts long.

*Cut.* How could he! You was like two children together at first, wasn't you? But it's all over now! he's drowned, ain't he?

*(Florence gives Cuttle his pipe, having filled and lighted it: mixes him his grog, &c.)*

Thank you, my lady lass, thank you. Sit down, now, and take a mite of comfort yourself, somehow. Poor Wal'r! old Sol Gill's nevy as was as welcome to everybody as the flowers in May. Where are you got to, brave heart of oak? drowned in the deep, deep sea! down, down, down, derry down! You never was at sea, lady lass!

*Flor.* Never.

*Cut.* Ah! it's an outrageous element: think on it when the winds is roaring and the waves is howling.

*Flor.* Were you ever in a dreadful storm, captain?

*Cut.* Why, aye, my lady lass, I've seen my share of bad weather! but it ain't of myself as I was meaning to speak. Our dear boy, Wal'r, darling, as was drowned. There's the perils and dangers on the deep, my beauty, and over many a bold heart the secret waters has closed up, and never told no tales; but there's escapes upon the deep, too. I know a story, heart's delight, of this natur as was told me once; maybe you'd like to hear me tell it. The story was about a ship, my lady lass, as sailed out of the port of London—don't be took aback, my lady lass, she was only out'ard bound—shall I go on, beauty!

*Flor.* Oh yes, yes, pray do.

*Cut.* That there ship met with such foul weather as don't blow once in twenty years: she went to pieces, beauty, and no grass will never grow upon the graves of them as manned that ship.

*Flor.* They were not all lost—some were saved? One—

*Cut.* Aboard of that there unfortunate wessel was a lad—a good, a brave lad—for when the stoutest hands and oldest hearts were hove down, he was firm and cheery.

*Flor.* And was he saved? was he saved?

*Cut.* That there lad, along with the second mate and one seaman, was left of all the beating hearts that went aboard that ship, the only living creatures, lashed to a fragment of the wreck, and driftin' on the stormy sea alone, beneath God's heaven—

*Flor.* Were they saved?

*Cut.* Days and nights they drifted,—don't look behind you, lady lass—there's nothing there,—until a sail hove down and they were taken aboard, two alive and one dead.

*Flor.* Which of them was dead?

Cut. Not the lad I speak on.

Flor. Thank Heaven!

Cut. Amen, with all my heart,—don't be took aback! aboard that ship, the lad went a long voyage; the other seaman died—but the lad was spared, and—

Flor. Spared!

Cut. And come home,—

Enter WALTER, D. C.

Cut. And don't be frightened, heart's delight; one evening he came back to his old home, where he found—

Flor. What? what?

Cut. Why, he found his old friend a breaking of the intelligence to his young sweetheart, and before she could say another word he was down on his bended knees before her, and the first word she heard was—

(Walter kneeling at Florence's side.)

Flor. (With a cry of joy.) Walter, dear, dear Walter!

Wal. Beloved Florence!

Cut. What do you think of the story, heart's delight? Wal'r's drowned, ain't he, precious? Wal'r, my lad, here's a little bit of property as I want to make over jintly. (Takes sugar tongs and spoons, and puts them in Walter's hand.) Drowned, ain't he, pretty? (Knock.) Some one's coming! bear away, heart's delight, you mustn't be seen. (Florence goes into room.) Now, then, to answer signals.

(Captain Cuttle opens door.—TOOTS rushes in, deranged in appearance.)

Toots. Captain Gills!—I'm in a state of mind bordering on distraction! Oh, what a state I am in! I haven't dared to shave,—I'm in such a rash state—I haven't had my clothes brushed!

Cut. Awast, my lad! This is our Wal'r, Sol Gills's nevy, as was drowned at sea.

Toots. What! is that the gentleman of whom you said, "He, and Miss Dombey—were made for each other?"

Cut. That's the dientical individual!

Toots. (Aside.) Here a pretty situation! a hated rival to turn up at this critical moment!—he's been more fortunate than I have! I won't hate him! (Crosses to Walter, and shakes hands with him.) I'm delighted to see you again—tho' I never saw you before! how were they all—when you left—that is—I mean the people on the other side of the water?—I hope you didn't get wet when you were drowned—that is—I mean—I suppose you have heard that the most dreadful circumstances have been happening at Mr. Dombey's—and that Miss Dombey, herself, has left her father, who, in my opinion, is a man—a brute—that it would be wretched flattery to call a bird of prey,—and I've been positively poetic!—the ruin you behold—a living exemplification of the author's meaning—when he speaks of the wreck of matter—and the crush of worlds!

[Exit Cuttle, R. 1 E.]

Wal. Mr. Toots, I'm extremely happy to be able to relieve your mind! Miss Dombey is safe and well!

Toots. Sir!—the relief is so excessive and unspeakable, that if you were to tell me Miss Dombey was—married, even—I could smile—I'm so relieved—at least, I'd try to!

Wal. It will be a greater relief to your generous mind to know that you can render Miss Dombey an essential service.

Toots. Oh! if I can do her any—the smallest—most insignificant service, I could sink into the silent tomb with a gleam of joy!

Re-enter CUTTLE, R., with FLORENCE.

Cut. And here's the lady lass herself, to thank you.

Flor. Dear Mr. Toots, I'm delighted to see you!

Toots. Oh,—dear me!—there's a rush of something—somewhere—thank you—I'm pretty well, sir—much obliged to you—I hope all the family are the same—but—it's of no consequence!

Flor. What we wanted to ask you, Mr. Toots, is, if you knew where Susan was, and if—

Toots. I never tasted an iota of happiness till this moment! the person you name is now outside, being as anxious as your humble servant to hear tidings of you! I'll go and bring her in!

[Exit, D. F.]

Cut. Wally's drowned, lady lass, ain't he?

Re-enter TOOTS with SUSAN, D. F.

Susan. Oh! my own pretty darling sweet Miss Floy! to think that I have found you again, and never, never shall I go away from you now! I may not gather moss, but I'm not a rolling stone,—neither is my heart—or else it wouldn't keep on a bustin', as it's a bustin' now!

Flor. My dear, good Susan!

Susan. Oh! I'm so glad that you're poor and deserted, and going to be married, for I'll never desert you, never—I'll work for you, and live for you, for ever and ever, amen! I may not be a horse,—leastways I don't think I am,—but I'll work like one for you and yours, thanks be!

Flor. Mr. Toots, how much do I owe you for all your kindness?

Toots. Dearest Miss Dombey—to be again permitted to gaze—no, not gaze—I don't exactly—I feel as if I could say a great deal to the purpose, if I could only get a start!

Cut. Cheer up, my lad, and stand by!

Toots. (Crossing and shaking hands with Cuttle.) Thank you, Mr. Cuttle!—It is my intention to cheer up, likewise to stand by, as much as I can—I really believe I must have been born by mistake—but that's of no consequence to anybody but myself! (In L. H. corner.)

Wal. But my poor uncle, Captain Cuttle! is there no hope?

Cut. No, Wal'r, I'm afear'd not. Along with the figure-head of hope there's holways a hanchor, but where's the use in a hanchor when there no bottom to cast it on?

Enter SOL GILLS, D. F.

Is that a venerable spectre as I sees before me? Why, Sol Gills, you circumnavigation old wagabone, where have you been, you varmint?—you're welcome home, unnatural old traveller!

Sol. Home!—What!—Ned—Ned Cuttle—

Cut. It's his voice, his dientical voice! It's the voice of the sluggish, I heard him complain, scatters his enemies and make them fall.

Sol. Walter and Florence, too!—home, did you say!

Flor. Yes, home, dear uncle—home to our very hearts!

*Sol.* What does she say?—uncle!

*Cut.* Say uncle, in course she did, you don't know what's bin a progressin' during your temporary abstinence, you old porcupine, they're goin' to be spliced, so overhaul your marriage harticles, and when found give them your pay-rental blessin' like a venerable old salt water sinner as you are.

*Sol.* Married! what my Walter and this lovely young girl! bless you, bless you! I'm almost deaf and blind, but it is with joy—I can't say much.

*Cut.* Then don't you try, onld messmet, when the heart's chock full of such hemotions it ain't much as can be squeezed out of so narrow a channel as the mouth, and itain't often that so full a cargo of happiness is carried by so small a craft as this here. May all affectionate and trusting hearts meet the like reward, and like the busy bee improve each shinin' hour, for the meaning of which overhaul your pleasures of memory, and when found don't forget old Captain Cuttle.

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